

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

ELIZABETH of Hungary, princess, saint, martyr, woman (the last the highest title), stands, as we look down through the centuries, this side the heavy bar of mist that we call the Dark Ages, and just within the light of that strange dawn of religious feeling, the age of Chivalry. She did not share the peculiar spirit of her age, but lived in bondage to it. "There were saints in those days, whose natural inheritance was self-will, physical courage, passion, pride, and religious fanaticism, and among them she was a spirit in prison." But let us speak of her life, which, though touched here and there with the fancies that marked the poetical superstitions of the Middle Ages, and especially of the thirteenth century, is, in all the material facts, perfectly authentic.

In the year 1207, Gertrude, Queen of Hungary, wife of Andreas II., gave birth to a daughter. That year, it is recorded, was crowned with singular blessings to the whole country, for the years which had ravaged Hungary ceased, and nature poured out upon the land an abundant harvest. Many things are told of the wondrous child that came to the Court of Hungary that year. She was free from the unreasoning petulance of childhood. Her earliest utterances were prayer, and at three years of age she was of radiant beauty, affectionate, generous, and religious as a nun.

Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia, a bold and gentle prince of poetic renown, and a patron of the Minne-singers, held his court at this time in the castle of the Wartburg, Eisenach. The fame of the little Hungarian princess was brought to his court by the

poets and wise men who thronged there, and he said to himself, "Would to God that this fair child might be the wife of my son." The thought pursued him, until he resolved to send an embassy to the King of Hungary. He entrusted his message to the Count Reinhard of Muhlburg, Walter de Tarila, his sene-schal, and Bertha the Beindeleben, a noble widow, and sent with them a train of knights and ladies from the court bearing gifts. The message and the messengers were received with royal hospitality. And strange as it seems to the mothers of this age and nation, they were permitted to bear back to the court of Herman the little Princess Elizabeth, then four years old. With her went stores of costly gifts and jewels, silks and horses from the East, and a cradle and bath of pure silver of rare workmanship. Two baggage-wagons bore gifts to the Hungarian court, but thirteen returned to Thuringia.

There was great rejoicing at the betrothal of Elizabeth and the young Prince Louis, which was performed with great pomp at Eisenach. After this the children called each other brother and sister, and grew up as such, though Louis knew that his new sister was different from his own sister Agnes, and, indeed, unlike all the children of the court. She was heavenly-minded even in her plays, and exercised a peculiar ascendancy over her playmates which they could not understand. The noble passion of her life, charity, was largely developed at this early age, and it was her care to gather the food that remained from the royal repasts to give to the poor children who came to the castle gate.

The spirit of the child was pleasing to the Landgrave Herman, but after

behind and pray for thee." But a shadow of the coming cloud must have touched her even then; for she accompanied him on a two-days' journey before she could part with him, and then she was brought back half-dead by her knights and ladies.

Prince Louis shared the fate of thousands of the "flower of chivalry" who went on those mad and perilous missions to seek "the living among the dead." He journeyed as far as Otranto, in Calabria, and then was arrested by a fever. He died in the arms of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, commanding his knights with his latest breath to bear his body back to his own country, and to defend his wife and children with their blood against wrong or oppression. When the evil tidings came to Elizabeth, she would have died, it is said, but for the little baby daughter that had just come to claim, with her other children, a mother's care.

Then the pitiless storm began to fall thick and fast upon the young mother, whose castle was no refuge against the designs of evil men. Henry, the eldest brother of Louis, aided by wicked counsellors, assumed the right to take possession of the Wartburg, and drove Elizabeth and her children from it. She was but little past twenty years of age, but through the winter snow she passed down the rocky path, her baby in her arms, and her women following with the three elder children. She took refuge in an inn, and for weeks supported herself by spinning wool, for Henry had issued a proclamation that forbade the people to receive her. She had no expectation that redress could ever come from that far grave in Calabria; but in time—and how long were journeys, and how wide were separations in that day!—the knights who received Louis's dying command returned to Thuringia, bearing his body. They had learned, before reaching Eisenach, of the cruel treatment Elizabeth had received from Henry, and were ready to avenge her. They placed the young Herman, Louis's eldest son, on the throne, under a regent, and gave to Elizabeth as her dower the city of Marbourg, to which she retired with her daughters.

And now the power of Conrad, no longer tempered by the will of Louis, began to fall with tenfold strictness upon the young widow, who had already learned to fear everything, even her God. He held absolute sway over her will by virtue of his holy office, and conscious of this, he set himself to the task of her "purification." She already wore the cord which is the badge of the Franciscan Order, and would have given away all her possession that she might fulfil the vow of the order—absolute poverty. One by one she parted with her children, lest she should give them too much love; for Conrad had doubtless assured her that God had in wrath taken her husband from her, because she lavished upon him a part of the love that He alone should have. Her charities, which had been the joy and consolation of her life, Conrad limited, that she might not find pleasure even in these. But, if not allowed to give her possessions to the poor, she was allowed to earn her bread, and so suffer the limitations of poverty as really as if she possessed nothing. She spent her days in spinning wool; but sorrow and penance and exposure had done their work, and the poor weak fingers and faltering feet made such sorry work that she could not earn enough to meet her wants. She earned less and less, until her clothes became ragged, and she patched them with shreds of any colour, until the children in the street pursued her as a mad woman. Who shall say that the tender woman, shut in this iron cell devised by a fanatical priest, and feeling its walls closing around her day by day, did not feel her brain reel as her heart and her flesh failed?

At last she lay down to die, and it is recorded that she turned her face to the wall and chanted a hymn in a sweet and tender voice; then as her strength failed, she muttered the word "silence," and fell asleep.

And all this filled the few fleeting years that we call "a girl's life," for Elizabeth, at the time of her death, had just completed her twenty-fourth year and had survived her husband three years and a half.

As a pendant to this outline of a real life, we will quote from Mrs. Jameson's

work one of the many legends that the German Catholics preserve with religious care :

"Elizabeth, in the absence of her husband, daily visited the poor who dwelt in the suburbs of Eisenach, and the huts of the neighbouring valleys. One day, during a severe winter, she left the castle with a single attendant, carrying in the skirts of her robe a supply of bread, meat, and eggs for a certain poor family ; and, as she was descending the frozen and slippery path, her husband, returning from the chase, met her bending under the weight of her charitable burden.

"What dost thou here, my Elizabeth ?" he said. "Let us see what thou art carrying away ?"

"And she, confused and blushing to be so discovered, pressed her mantle to her bosom ; but he insisted, and opening her robe, he beheld only red and white roses, more beautiful and fragrant than any that grow on earth. When he was about to embrace his wife, but looking in her face, he was overpowered by a supernatural glory that seemed to emanate from every feature, and he dared not touch her. He bade her go on her way and fulfil her mission ; but taking from her lap one of the roses of Paradise, he put it in his bosom and continued to ascend the mountain slowly, with his head declined, and pondering these things in his heart."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The Hero's fight is past
The chain unloosened and the captive free ;
Hail to the sacred cause of liberty ;
Justice is done at last.

Before a countless host
Where brutal tyranny fought hand in hand
With avarice, he, dauntless, took his stand
And never left his post.

Unheeding all the might
Of persecution, caring not for blows
Nor for reviling words from bitter foes,
Alone, for God and Right.

Rest now the battle's won
Ere Death had called, thou hadst lived to
see
The downfall of accursed slavery.
Rest, for thy work was done !
London. M. R. W.

"DON'T WANT TO SAY MY PRAYERS."

A MOTHER, sitting in her parlour, overheard her child, whom an elder sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to her sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers ; I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many members in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in their hearts, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour door ; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She soon took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek upon her own. The mother rocked slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother ; I'm very well."

"I'm glad you are well ; I'm well, too, and when I waked up this morning and found that I was very well I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" asked the boy, in a low tone, half whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, seating him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No ; but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should then die."

"Should you?"

"Yes ; and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms,

and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning I thought I'd ask God to take care of me, and all of us."

A long pause ensued.

"Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

O HALLOWED be Thy name
Through all the changing hours !
Thy truth and goodness claim
The noblest human powers :
Yea, manly heart,
Both pure and mild :
And, free from art,
The love of child.

How oft we turn to Thee,
In youth and age confessed :
How glad we bend the knee,
Or lean upon Thy breast :
In Thy dear hand,
In Thy bright face
We trusting stand
And bless Thy grace.

The prophets' magic skill
In nature loves to see
How glories rise to fill
The mind with thoughts of Thee :
The ages roll,
The earth decays
To draw the soul
To know Thy ways.

The beam of summer's sun,
The wave upon the shore,
The seasons as they run,
Speak of Thee more and more.
So we feel bound,
Midst joys or pains,
Thy praise to sound
Through earthly plains.

In darkest gloom of night,
In myriad moving spheres,
In brightest rays of light,
Thy faithfulness appears.
We join the skies
In endless love ;
And, singing, rise
To Thee above.

Coventry.

G. HEAVISIDE.

THE LOST RING.

IT was my betrothal ring, and I would not have lost it for anything, but where was it? I remembered I had specially determined not to wear it the day before, as I was going to pack my travelling trunk; but where was it now? I thought I might have left it at my sister's—but no, she knew nothing of it. I called up the maid, and we swept the floor, but found no ring. Then I am afraid I fell to a woman's usual resource, and sat down and had a good cry, for I would rather have lost ten times the mere money value of the ring. Of one thing I felt quite sure—that I had taken my ring off before commencing to pack; but I looked into the trunk as well as I could, and if I had had time I should have unpacked it from top to bottom, but the train was going to start in an hour, so I dared not attempt it, but could merely leave word that another good look must be made all over the house, and I resolved as soon as I arrived at my journey's end I would unpack and carefully examine every article in the trunk. I think my maid felt the loss nearly as much as I did, for though I had the highest possible opinion of her honesty, yet I had not left the house except in the carriage to call upon my sister, so she must have thought, if it never were found, suspicion would always rest upon her.

I should just like to say one word about unjustly suspecting servants when things are missing. My mother always used to tell a story, for the truth of which she vouched, of a mistress who lost a silver teapot, and suspicion fell on the housemaid, who was tried, and found guilty, and hanged for the offence; and one week after her execution the mistress found the teapot carefully wrapped up in a shawl and packed in her wardrobe, where she then remembered she herself had placed it for safety. She never smiled again, but died, I think by her own hand, about three months afterwards.

The time arrived for starting, still the ring was not found; and as the day was fine I should have had a most pleasant journey to Dover if only I could, as my husband begged me to do, have dismissed all thought of the ring

from my mind. I parted with my husband on board the steamer, and after paying a day at Brussels, proceeded on my journey to Cologne, at which place my luggage—being registered through Frankfurt—was detained for Custom-house examination.

At Cologne the officials opened first the box and then another, till they came at last to my black trunk. They opened the large loose tray to rummage the lower part; but what was that which shone and sparkled—my ring? Yes! there it was resting on one of the narrow ledges that supported the tray. I gave such a cry of joy that I think everybody must have thought I had taken leave of my senses, but what did I care, I had my dear old ring back again.

The first thing I did was to write home to my husband, and I did not forget to remind him to tell the servants that the ring was found; and the next thing I did was to try to imagine how the ring could have got into the trunk; how it got on to the ledge was plain enough; it had shaken about the trunk till it had been jammed fast between the tray and the ledge; but how could it have got into the trunk, when I was certain I had not worn it while I was packing? I at last remembered I had retimmed my bonnet, and had no doubt placed it on the dressing-table, which was full of things, so I must have failed to notice I had placed it on the ring tray. The ring must have been caught in the trimmings of the bonnet, and so carried into the trunk.

Thankful as I was to get my ring back again, I was still more thankful I had never for a moment allowed myself to entertain the slightest suspicion of the honesty of any one; and then I thought perhaps this little simple tale might be of use to your readers if it made one or two of them hesitate before they ventured, even though it were but a thought, to attribute want of honesty to their servants when they missed something they had seen only a short time before, and which might possibly even have disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as did my betrothal ring.

HOME THOUGHTS.

POVERTY in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will towards effort, and the whole soul towards aspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings towards the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements, racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming, feasting and the rest; busying the lower portions of the soul at the expense of its higher and delicate portions.

The poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but revery. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man, he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and pity for all.

In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature offers, gives, and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in proportion as all light enters his mind. And then is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor.

And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living, his backbone is gaining firmness, his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done, he returns to ineffable ecstasies, to con-

temptation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in the mire; his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without; labour which makes him free, and thought which makes him noble.—*Victor Hugo.*

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,
What come ye out to see?
This common earth, this common sky,
This water flowing free?
As gaily as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring;
As sweetly as these wild wood-birds
Your caged minstrels sing.
You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's tune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June.
From ceiled rooms, from silent books,
From crowded car and town,
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap
We lay our tired heads down.
Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;
Blue river, through the green
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
Which all too much have seen.
We ask to-day no countersign,
No party names we own;
Unlabelled, individual,
We bring ourselves alone.
What cares the unconventioned woe
For pass-words of the town?
The sound of fashion's shibboleth
The laughing waters drown.
Here cant forgets his dreary tone,
And care his face forlorn;
The liberal air and sunshine laugh
The bigot's zeal to scorn.
From manhood's weary shoulder falls
His load of selfish cares;
And woman takes her rights as flowers
And brooks and birds take theirs.
The license of the happy woods,
The brook's release, are ours;
The freedom of the unshamed wind
Among the glad-eyed flowers.
Yet here no evil thought finds place,
Nor foot profane comes in;
Our grove, like that of Samothrace,
Is set apart from sin.
We walk on holy ground; above
A sky more holy smiles;
he chant of the beatitudes
Swell down these leafy aisles.

WHITTIER.

SCHOOL LIFE.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

COMPANIONS AND CLIQUES.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."
"He who has friends in every place, finds every place delicious."

COMPANIONS EDUCATE US. There are lessons in *thinking, talking, behaving*—most important lessons in character building, which we learn from our companions. People who are much together become like each other even in tones of voice and pronouncing of words; they think alike about religion and politics; about truthfulness, purity, and honesty. Therefore be careful how you give yourself to the influence of your companions at school. Is the "public opinion" of your school high or low? Who are its leaders and heroes?

HAVE YOUR OWN STANDARD. You may all your life be obliged to associate with some people who are idle, frivolous, coarse-mannered, or even vicious. Learn, while young, to brace yourself against evil influences from others; to have good resolutions, and be true to them; *judge* the popular favourites before you follow them. Do not say, "Such a boy does it," or "*Everybody does it,*" but ask, "Is it right?" There is a right and wrong even in very small things; as in the pronouncing of words; the way of dressing one's self; the using of other people's books, slates, and pencils; the soiling and littering of floors and desks; in keeping study hours; whispering; writing notes; copying lessons, &c. Remember "the great relations of little things."

YOUR PART TOWARDS OTHERS is best performed when you are true to your own standard. When tempted to act dishonestly towards the teacher, or ungenerously to any school-mate, if you resist the temptation, you will help every one else to a nobler way of thinking and acting. Goodness is as contagious as evil is. Can you keep in mind your obligation to be true to yourself without being self-righteous or "stuck up?"

CLIQUES. To make a set of one's own which shall withdraw from all

except the chosen few is to make a clique. Cliques are usually narrow-minded and conceited. They are apt to thank God that they are not as others are. Whom do they resemble in this? A clique may be known by its desire to *shut out somebody*. We are under no obligation to make of every one an intimate friend, but we should not make others feel that we hold them in contempt. In school life *have the friendly spirit towards all*, though your intimates are few.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS. Among our school friends are some who may become life-long friends. Among school girls sentimentalism often tires the friendly impulse, and ends in disgust. Taking offence at trifles, being on the look out for faults, saying even true things in an unfriendly spirit, "getting mad," or frequent quarrels and reconciliations—all these make friendship brittle. Bragging and self praise tire and alienate friends. A meddlesome person, and one who wants always to be "leader," is a difficult friend. Friendship which grows from *deserving* to have friends, and which is kept by *being* a true friend, will make life glad and interesting.

A CONSCIENCE IN FRIENDSHIP. God has made us to live with others. We owe it to Him that we live rightly; to others, not to make right living hard by our bad influence; and to ourselves that we exalt our natures by resisting bad examples, and being quick to respond to good examples.

READING.

"Give attendance to reading."—"Reading maketh a full man."

BRIGHTENING THE MIND. Learning lessons is, in itself, only *reading slowly, carefully, thoroughly*, and during school life children should not do much other reading, as there is danger of getting the brain too tired for study, and of crowding the lessons out of the mind. At any rate, make the other reading a help, and not a hindrance to your studies; for instance, to enlarge and brighten the subject of history, read the biography of its leading characters; to make geography more real, read books of travel in the country you are

studying about. For rest and recreation you naturally read stories. But there is a choice in such reading.

POISON. Four kinds of story books are hurtful.

1. Obscene books. Better have a fit of sickness than read what leaves the mind unclean. *Read no books of which you are ashamed to let your parents know.*

2. Books which make bad actions seem not very bad. If you find yourself reading a book which takes you into the company of thieves, murderers, counterfeiters—don't wait to read to the end. *Stop at once; take your mind out of bad company*, and if you have the right to do so, destroy the book or paper. Many books which treat of horror and crime, even when they seem to condemn them, are bad. They pollute the imagination and make wickedness familiar.

3. Every story is bad which makes a hero of a boy who runs away from home; or of a boy who is conceited, tells lies, fights, and plays tricks upon his elders. Such a story *weakens the moral sense* and even the common sense.

4. Stories of improbable and exciting adventure often unsettle the mind and disgust it with common life.

SPICE AND DIET. There are very many good stories of adventure, fun, and fancy which kindle the imagination and help to better ways of thinking and feeling. But these should be used as spice, and not as steady diet. Biography, poetry, and history will soon give more and deeper enjoyment if the mind is not frittered away by too much story reading. Anybody can cultivate a taste for good reading—or for bad. Any wise friend will be glad to advise you in selecting books.

GREAT BOOKS. It will be of life-long advantage to you to have read certain *great books*, as the "Iliad," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," "Paradise Lost," and especially the Bible. They affect us like travel, and like the company of noble people; they lift us out of our narrower circle into world-wide experiences. Some wise people say, "*Read only the best.*"

Do NOT FLIT from book to book.

Such a habit enfeebles and confuses the mind. It is "mental dissipation." And do not spend hours of rest or of exercise in reading. The results of too much and too hasty reading are, (1) habits of inaccuracy; (2) loss of memory; (3) shallowness; (4) ill-health. *Read a few good books thoroughly.* Commit bright passages to memory, then they become your constant companions.

A CONSCIENCE IN READING. Reading, rightly used, is one means of self-improvement. Think how much this means: it means that *in books God offers us his help* towards wisdom and goodness; it means, also, that we may *enrich ourselves* so as to have more to give, more knowledge and power to use for others.

READ THIS, GIRLS.

LEARN to darn stockings neatly, and then always see that your own are in order. Don't let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on; and oh, how much neater a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot, than it does in a lop-sided affair with half the buttons off. Every girl should learn how to make all the simple articles of clothing, and we know a little girl of seven who could do this, and who also made the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and pieced a large bed-quilt. She was not an over-taxed child either, but a merry, romping, indulged only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young either. Indeed, we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few ever die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think.

So, never be a bit afraid of over-doing the business. Help all you can, and study over the business daily. Once get in the habit of looking over your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand with all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.

THE SURGEON AND THE PRIEST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DUPUYTREN, the great French surgeon, worked almost continually; few men have had a life so active and full as his. Summer and winter he rose at five o'clock; at seven he was at the Hotel Dieu; at eleven he came out to make his visits, and then returned to his house to receive patients for consultation. Even though he finished these interviews with an almost brutal haste, they were each day so numerous that often he was detained in his office until long after night.

One day when the consultations were prolonged still later than usual, Dupuytren, worn with fatigue, was about to take some rest, when a last visitor presented himself at the door of his office. This was an old man of very small stature, whose age it was difficult to guess. His face, full and rosy, which had evidently never needed the razor, was small and dimpled. When younger he must have reminded one of the cherubs, with puffy cheeks and white wings, which hover around the glory of the Virgin. Under a network of small wrinkles he had a little mouth, a little aquiline nose, finely chiselled, and his feet and hands were like all the rest of the miniature. In his blue eyes, in his face, in his gestures, there was timidity, sweetness of temper, exquisite kindness. One was irresistibly attracted towards him, and loved him involuntarily. He held a cane in his right hand, and his small figure was clothed entirely in black; when he bowed his head showed a large tonsure—he was a priest.

Dupuytren glanced at him coldly. "What is the matter with you?" said he, harshly.

"Monsieur doctor," replied the priest sweetly, "I ask your permission to seat myself; my legs are already a little old. Two years ago a swelling appeared on my neck. The health officers of our village (I am curé of B., near Nemours) said it was nothing very serious; but it grew worse, and at the end of five months the abscess opened of itself. I kept my bed for a long time without getting any better, and then I was

reed to leave it, for I, unassisted, have to officiate for four villages, and—"

"Show me your neck."

"It is true," continued the old man, while unwinding scarf and bandages, "that my good parishioners of the four villages offered to come together at B. every Sunday to hear mass; but they work so hard during the week, and they have only that day for rest! So I said to myself, 'It is not just that everybody should be inconvenienced for you;' and then, you know, there are the first communions and the catechism. The bishop wished me to wait until he could send me an assistant, but my parishioners told me to come to Paris and consult you. It took me a long time to decide, because the journey would cost a deal of money, and I have so many poor in my parish; but I was finally obliged to do as they wished, and here I am. Look, doctor, this is the thing which has caused me so much suffering," said he, removing the last bandage.

Dupuytren examined it for a long time. In the neck of the priest was a hole about half an inch in diameter. It was an abscess of the under maxillary gland, complicated by an aneurism of the carotid artery. It was gangrened in several places. The case was so grave that Dupuytren was astonished that the sufferer could hold himself upright before him. He pulled wide apart the edges of the abscess, in a manner rough enough to make a strong man faint away; the patient did not even wince. His examination finished, Dupuytren suddenly seized the head of the priest between his two hands, and looking him fixedly in the face, said brusquely:—

"Well, Monsieur Abbé, with a thing like that, one must die."

The abbé took his bandages and wrapped up his neck without saying a word—Dupuytren keeping his eyes fixed upon him. When he had finished the priest drew from his pocket a five-franc piece, enveloped in paper, and put it on the mantelpiece. "I am not rich, doctor, and my poor are very poor," said he, with a sad smile. "Pardou me, if I cannot pay more for a consultation with the great Dupuytren. I am glad I have seen you, for now I shall at

least be prepared for what awaits me. Perhaps, monsieur," added he, with great gentleness, "you might have announced this news to me with more precaution. I am sixty-five years old, yet even at my age one clings to life sometimes. Yet I bear you no ill-will. You have not really surprised me; I have looked forward to this moment for a long time. Adieu, monsieur le docteur; I go home to die in my parish." And he went out.

Dupuytren remained absorbed in thought. His iron soul, his powerful genius, seemed broken like a fragile glass by a few simple words, uttered by a poor old man, whom he had held, feeble and ill, in his large hands. In that weak and suffering body he had met a heart firmer than his own, a will more energetic than his; he had found something stronger than himself. Suddenly he sprang towards the staircase; perhaps he did not wish to confess himself vanquished. The little priest was slowly descending the steps, leaning on the banister.

"Monsieur Abbé," cried Dupuytren, "you will come back?"

The abbé remounted the stairs.

"There is perhaps still a chance of saving you, if you will consent to an operation."

"Eh! why surely, monsieur," said the abbé, disembarassing himself with nervous haste of his cane and hat; "it was for that I came to Paris. Operate, operate, as much as you wish."

"It will perhaps be a useless attempt, and certainly long and painful."

"Operate, operate, doctor; I will endure it all. My poor parishioners will be so happy if it succeeds!"

"Very well; you must go to the Hotel Dieu, Ward St. Agnes; you will be perfectly comfortable there, and the sisters will let you want for nothing. Rest well to-night and to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow morning—"

"I understand, doctor, and I thank you."

Dupuytren wrote a few words on a paper, which he gave to the priest, who took it to the hospital, where he was installed with the greatest kindness and respect in a little couch hung with white curtains. The good sisters so overwhelmed him with pillows and

dainties that the little priest hardly knew how to thank them.

The next day but one, the many students who daily attended the clinic of the great doctor had scarcely assembled when Dupuytren arrived. He went direct to the bed of the priest, followed by the imposing procession of pupils, and the operation began.

Dupuytren cut and pared with knife and scissors; his steel forceps probed to the bottom of the abscess and brought up the fibres, which he twisted and then tied. Then the saw removed the carious fragments of the inferior maxillar. Sponges constantly applied absorbed the blood, which flowed in torrents. The operation lasted twenty-five minutes; the abbé did not even frown. Only when he heard those about him, who had been holding their breath with excitement and fear, give deep sighs of relief, and when Dupuytren said, "It is over," he was a little pale.

Dupuytren dressed the wound himself. "I believe all will go well," said he, kindly. "Have you suffered a great deal?"

"I tried to think of other things," replied the priest, languidly; and almost immediately fell asleep.

Dupuytren examined him an instant in profound silence; then he gently drew the white curtains about the couch, and continued his round of visits.

The life of the good priest was saved. Every morning when Dupuytren arrived, by a strange infraction of his usual habits, he passed the first beds and began the visit with his favourite invalid. Later on, when the priest was able to leave his bed and to walk a little, Dupuytren, the clinic of the morning finished, went to him, took his arm, and, suiting his steps to those of the convalescent, made the tour of the ward with him. To those who knew the careless harshness with which Dupuytren habitually treated his patients, this change was inexplicable.

When the abbé was in a fit state to endure the journey, he took leave of the doctor and the sisters, and returned to his parishioners.

In the following spring, Dupuytren, on arriving at the Hotel Dieu one morning, saw advancing towards him

the little priest, who had been waiting for him in the Ward St. Agnes. He wore still his black costume, but it was covered with dust, and his buckled shoes were white with it; one would have guessed that he had just made a long journey on foot. He carried on his arm a large wicker basket, carefully tied, from which bits of straw protruded. Dupuytren welcomed him heartily, and, after having assured himself that the operation had left no bad effects, he asked the priest why he had come to Paris.

"Monsieur le docteur," replied the abbé, "it is the anniversary of the day on which you made the operation; I did not wish to let the 6th of May pass without coming to see you; and the thought came to me to bring you a little present. I put into my basket two fine chickens from my own poultry yard, and some of the fruit from my garden—such fruit as you seldom eat in Paris. You must promise me to taste a little of everything."

Dupuytren pressed his hand affectionately, and urged him to dine with him; but the priest declined, saying his moments were counted, and he must set out immediately for B.

On each 6th of May for the two years following Dupuytren saw the little priest arrive with his inevitable basket and his inevitable chickens. The doctor received these visits with a sort of emotion. It was then that Dupuytren first suffered from attacks of the malady before which his great science was obliged to yield. He went to Italy, but without hope of being saved by his journey, which the united faculty had urged him to undertake. When he returned to France, in the month of March, 1834, his condition seemed to be improved; but this improvement was not genuine, and Dupuytren realised it clearly—he knew he must die. As he approached his end his character became more reserved, more sombre; perhaps these last sad hours, this moral solitude, this isolation which he had prepared for himself by his stern, unsympathetic life, and which brought him face to face with death, gave him a solemn warning.

Suddenly, one night, he called his

adopted son, who was watching in an adjoining room. Please write for me," said he, "to Monsieur S., curé of the parish of B., near Nemours:—

"My dear Abbe,—The doctor, in his turn, has need of you. Come quickly, or you may be too late.—Your friend,

DUPUYTREN."

The abbé came immediately. He remained for a long time alone with Dupuytren. No one knew what passed between them; but when the priest came out of the room of the dying man his eyes were wet with tears, while his face was radiant with a holy exaltation.

The next day Dupuytren died. On the day of his burial the sky was darkly covered with grey clouds, and a fine rain mingled with snow chilled the vast and silent crowd which filled the Place Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. The Church of Saint Eustache was hardly large enough to contain the funeral train. After the service, students from the hospital bore the coffin to the cemetery. The little priest followed, weeping.

THE THREE GRACES.

At a school examination held some time since, one of the members of the committee, a shallow-pated egotist, desiring to parade his superficial knowledge, asked several questions not included in the studies of the young people before him. One of the questions, with the introductory remarks, was as follows:—

"Now, my dear children, while speaking of mythology, with its attendant gods and goddesses, can you inform me who the 'Three Graces' were?"

A pause ensued for the space of a minute, when it was broken by a blonde Hibernian of twelve summers, with:—

"Plaze, sur, if yez don't know I can tell yez."

"Well, my little man, pray proceed."

"Sure, sur, they be, all tould, they be, sur—"

"Well, go on and state who the Three Graces were."

"I've got 'em now, sur. Faix, who should they be but Grace Darling, who once made a row, I'm tould, and Grace Maloney, who sets just furninst me there, and his Grace—the prais't's, sir."

NOT DEAD BUT RISEN.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

*He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.*

FAITHFUL friends! It lies I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
I am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not "I."

Sweet friends! what the woman lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy word is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost 'tis true
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love;
Viewed from Allah's throne above ;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !
Thou Love divine ! Thou Love alway !

*He that died at Azon gave
This to those who made his grave.*

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"EDDIE," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one, '*Be kind.*' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:—

"*First*—Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear any one speak a word.

"*Second*—Be kind to mamma, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, '*It is time for you to go to bed,*' half a dozen times over.

"*Third*—Be kind to baby"—

"You have left out, be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your '*red soldier*' to play with when she wants it.

"*Fourth*.—Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry. "*Fifth*—Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And, without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

THEY who respect themselves will be honoured; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.

THE JEW AND THE MERCHANT.

A STORY OF HONESTY IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

ABRAHAM the Jew and the merchant Theodore, printed by Combefisius from a manuscript, is in the national library at Paris. Another copy exists in the library at Turin. It is a curious composition, properly not a novel, but a sermon, preached on Orthodoxy Sunday in the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in the tenth century. It is not a novel but a sermon, because it actually was delivered before a congregation in a church, but we might add that according to every received idea of what a sermon is, or ever was, this is not a sermon but a story, and a story of some length, worked out dramatically. It is supposed to be founded on facts, but like most historical romances, it treats historical facts with easy liberty. The story is shortly this: In the reign of Heraclius there lived in Byzantium a merchant named Theodore, a good man and a just, who met with shipwreck and ruin, and then went begging of his friends a loan for freighting a new vessel. The friends, in the usual way, bow him out, shut the door in his face, or drive him from their houses. As a last resource he goes to a worthy Jew named Abraham, and asks him to advance the money. The Jew consents to do so on condition that the merchant can get someone to stand surety to him for the repayment of the loan should Theodore die. The merchant again goes to his friends, and is again refused with coldness or insult. He passes in despair through the copper market before the imperial palace, when his eye is arrested by the great Christ set up by Constantine over the portico, glittering in the morning sun. In a moment of inspiration the rejected man spreads his arms to the Christ, and entreats him to stand surety for him. Then he brings the Jew to the market-place and points him out as the surety he has chosen. After some hesitation and a gentle protest, the Jew, who trusts the honour of Theodore, but has no confidence in the image, agrees to give him the money.

The merchant is again wrecked, and closes all. A beautiful description follows of the poor fellow's shame and distress, of the kindness of the Jew, who seeks him out, comforts him, and promises to lend him the same sum of money again. The character of the Jew is admirably drawn—a mixture of generous trust and yet of cautious meanness, very true to life. He bargains that should Theodore remain away during the winter he should send him home, by a safe hand, half his profits. This the merchant promises to do. Then Theodore sails for Spain, passes the Pillars of Hercules, comes to Britain and lades his vessel with tin, after having sold well the merchandise he had brought from Constantinople. He returns to the Mediterranean, and winters either in Spain or Sicily. His promise troubles him. He has the money, but finds no one to whom he can confide it, as all the ships have sailed before the equinoctial storms burst over the sea. Then, full of faith, resolved to keep his word, he places in a stout box some money and a letter. "In the name of my heir and God, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is my surety for a large sum of money, I, Theodore, humbly address my master Abraham, who with God, is my benefactor and creditor. I would have you know, Master Abraham, that we all, by the mercy of God, are in good health. God has verily prospered us well, and brought our merchandise to a good market. And now, see! I send thee fifty pounds of gold, which I commit to the care of my surety, and he will convey the money safely to thy hands. Receive it from me and do not forget us. Farewell." Then, having fastened up the box and pitched it well, he flings it into the sea. The story passes to Abraham walking by the waters of the Sea of Marmora with his old steward, conversing on his prospects; the old Jew sits down on the shingle and washes his feet, when he notices something dancing on the wavelets, draws it out, and discovers the box with the gold and letter from the faithful Theodore. On the return of the merchant next spring, Abraham, to prove the faith of the Christian,

denies having received the gold. The wavering of the merchant's mind is well described. His faith in Christ is very strong, so also is his confidence in the integrity of Abraham. He cannot believe that his surety has not delivered the box, and yet he cannot doubt his creditor. Then, in perplexity, he bids the Jew come with him to the copper market, and take oath before the brazen Christ on the tetrastyle. The final scene is beautifully told. Theodore, with outspread hands, pours forth a noble prayer, and the Jew, struck to the heart by the glorious faith that shines forth in the humble merchant, falls prostrate, weeping, and asks to believe with his friend in Christ the great surety.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

LET duty be your watchword, boys,
Let conscience, God within you, guide,
Be quick to hear the "still small voice,"
In every doubt let it decide,
For doubts that come, if bravely met,
Will pass away and cease to be,
Like mountain mists so dark and wet
Before the sunlight bright and free.

Be truthful; 'tis a coward's part
To hide the wrong by seeming right.
Your eye and nay fresh from the heart
Have in them all the powers and might
Of conscious truth: oaths cannot give
To words from either mouth or pen
A deeper meaning—words that live
Are simple words of honest men.

Be honest as the light of day,
Put every action to the test
Of your own conscience, trust the way
It points, and this will prove the best.
An honest man is noble, yea
No matter what his birth may be,
An honest soul is more, far more,
To be desired than pedigree.

And be your future what it may
There's noble work for all to do,
A thousand lives point out the way
And bid us travel in it too.
Then let us work while duty leads
Let each one try to do *some* good,
Not words be ours, but holy deeds
To help our Human Brotherhood.

JOHN BIRKETT.

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE HEIGHT OF A SPIRE.—A divine passing a fashionable church on which a new spire was being erected was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much; that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

A PRAYER ANSWERED.—A young preacher told a friend that he had just been praying that he might be kept humble. His friend replied that he could discern nothing in him or about him to make him proud. This was an answer to his prayer.

JOSHUA KNOWS.—"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

ARTHUR'S QUESTION.—Arthur (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpapa's Bible stories): "And were *you* in the ark, grandpa, along o' Noah and all the rest of 'em?" Grandpapa (indignantly): "No, sir, certainly not!" Arthur: "Then how is it *you* wasn't drowned?"—*Punch*.

HER PENITENCE INCREASED.—That is a good old story about the aged lady on her death-bed who was in penitent mood. She said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old coloured woman who had lived with her a long time exclaimed: "Lors! I knowed it all the time."

THE VALUE OF WATER.—Two neighbours had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your Honour will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen."

EASTERN DISLIKE OF DAUGHTERS.—While the girls of one of Miss Whately's schools at Abeih, in Arabia, were playing together one day, two of them fell into a pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was very little!" and the other asked, "How little?" To which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or pathos of her comparison, "*As little as was the joy of my futher on the day I was born!*" This remark receives its point from the fact that, not only in Arabia, but generally throughout the East, the birth of a son causes great rejoicing, while that of a daughter gives rise to lamentation.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—An absent-minded man went to church the other morning with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm; but the laughing of the people in church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his every-day pantaloons and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.

SISTER'S PHILOSOPHY.—"I want and will have a wife without a failing," was the remark of a young man. His sister, with only a country girl's philosophy, remarked, "Then you'll never marry; because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

COMPANY PHRASES.—Mrs. Whiteflour had company. Now, if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Whiteflour prided herself, it was her cooking. "Will you try some of my sponge cake, Mrs. Tattletongue?" said she. "It isn't very good, to be sure. I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it." "Why, ma," cried Johnny, in amazement, "you said yesterday that was the best sponge cake you ever made!" *Tableau*.

BLUNDERING SCRIPTURE QUOTATIONS.—This is how an American paper just to hand chronicles the flounderings of English writers and speakers in Biblical quotations—"Biblical knowledge would seem to be at a discount in certain quarters. The *Daily Telegraph* informs the public that the subject of Sir Frederick Leighton's great picture is '*Jeremiah Fed by an Angel*.' The Parliamentary report in the *Standard* of a recent speech by Sir William Harcourt makes the orator say that the 'High Commissioner Nathan delivered an ultimatum to *Nabob*;' while, Sir Stafford Northcote is credited by the same journal with the remark that the ultimatum in question was addressed to *Nabroth*. A few copies of the Bible should be distributed to the occupants of the Gallery."

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